BASE CENSOR IS WISE TO ANYTHING YOU SAY

And If You Come in a Language He Isn't Hep To He'll Find Someone Who Is—Right in This Man's Army, Too

Yes, you can still call him the Base Censor; but don't forget that the accent is *not* on the adjective, at least in his hearing. And his hearing is remarkably good; he's liable to be listening in on you almost anywhere.

He's grown pretty numerous since that autumn day when he blew over from—but here I have run up already against one of our own rules—from wherever he was in the beginning to where he is now.

In those merry days he consisted chiefly of an officer and a chair. Now he's—but here again I've hit that stone wall of G. O. 13 and must scissor my own remarks before they are made.

At least, though, I can say this: That today he is so numerous that he can keep one mess sergeant jumping sidewise three times a day, even after leaving to the tender mercies of a French *garcon*—who is so often of the other gender nowadays—all those parts of him that wear some species of gold or silver breastpin on the ends of their shoulder-blades.

During working hours and they are real working hours all day with the Base Censor—you can express yourself on his general subject quite safely anywhere outside his office, because that's the only place he is just then. But when the sad, illegible day is over, when he staggers forth from his den in the 19 different directions that the lay of the land—or does that give you forbidden information as to his whereabouts?—makes possible, better keep your opinions on him, and particularly the accent on that adjective, pretty silent. For he's likely to be almost anyone in an American uniform, from the owner of a pair of silver oak leaves to the private who hasn't earned the right yet even to call himself first-class, except in his own mind and in his letters home.

Any Language Goes

The mere fact that he speaks his English like a Hungarian goulash doesn't bar him, for *he* may be one of the experts in the "foreign language section" and just as censorious as the most college graduate of him. And after a long day, an honest, non-labor-union day, of straining his eyes over your scrawl, he who dreamed in those far-away days when he saw the Statue of Liberty go hull down on the horizon that he was coming over here to fight: there's a lot of that unused scrap vented up within him—it would sometimes need even less than an adjective to make him burst forth in his gory primitiveness.

His is a sad life at best—and it is mostly at its worst. Put yourself in his shoes—which are generally hob nailed even if the stony ways he has to plod are all enclosed within multi-colored envelopes.

Back in the States he raised his right hand because Uncle Sam had promised him a real, flesh-and-blood jab at the Kaiser. And here he is practicing all those bayonet drills, high thrust or low thrust, short jab or butt stroke—with a pair of scissors, against the bloodless penmanship of his fellow Yanks.

Do I hear you murmur from your dugout or your mudhole, "Soft! Pretty soft!" Don't kid yourself. Out there it may look that way—eatés just around the corner, street cars past the door, theaters just over on the boul'—but if I say much more you'll begin to suspect the village he is stationed in, and that would never do.

And They Don't Like It

It's true I've known him to slap himself on the back with just such happy thoughts when the C. O. called him in out at the front and showed him the order that transferred him from bayonet to scissors practice. But in about a week—or a month at most, if he's made of real, stern, cast-iron stuff—I haven't seen one of him who hasn't gone down on his hands and knees, with tears streaming down his manly O. D. shirt, figuratively at least, begging to be shipped back to the front line trenches.

Just to make a beginning, here are a few of the agonies he suffers daily:

"When you get a letter"—which we do the extent of about ten thousand a day—"just read it, scissor it or don't scissor it as the writer's temperament may require, and pass it on its way or don't pass it on its way, according to how much G. O. 13 sticks out of it," or words to that effect, are the Base Censor orders. Simple, absurdly simple, easy as falling off an artillery mule.

But suppose when you open an innocent looking Y. M. C. A. envelope addressed to Sing Song Hum of Quong Shing Quam Co., Mott Street, New York, you find it written on a kind of glorified tissue paper two feet wide and three yards long, covered from end to end, or rather side to side, with a sidewise flow of those pen-and-ink insanities that decorate the banners hanging before Chinese shops in the region mentioned? Will you sit down and read it; will you send to China for an interpreter; or will you conclude that the writer, for all his almond eyes, is as good and trustworthy an American doughboy as the picture of himself at port arms he encloses with the inky spasm indicates?

Job for Wun Lung Sing

Alas, censorship rules won't let us do any of those things. So, unless Wun Lung Sing makes up his mind to write in English and tell the old people back in Mott Street to get someone to translatee alle samee to them, he is in danger of being suddenly and unexpectedly detailed to the Base Censor's office—to read and censor his own letters, and those of the many good American sons of China that are coming over here with every transport load.

If you think the American soldier isn't a believer in, as well as fighter for, democracy, just cast your lamps over this letter from Pvt. So-and-So, Co. J Umty-umty Infantry, addressed to:

"Sa Majesté Catholique Alphonse XIII, Rol d'Espagne, Madrid." The writer, as you see, knows his Catholic Majesty's habits clear down to the town he is accustomed to wear his crown in; moreover, he can write in a genuine, up-to-date, honest-to-Francois French, which everyone knows his Majesty reads—even if they don't know that he also speaks English better than most of us in the Army. (I mean he would never, for instance, say *cavalryman* when he meant one of those birds who back in the dark ages used to sit straddle of a four-legged animal without horns, instead of wasting away in a swivel chair.)

Private So-and-so is writing these few lines to ask what has become of his brother Thus-and-So, who used to hang around his Majesty's kingdom somewhere or other. As we once had a letter from his Majesty ourselves—there we go, drifting into the royal and editorial we in spite of our best resolutions—we feel sure that Alph will ask Ena to mind the children a moment and sit right down and write Private So-and-So all about it.

Why Stop at Two Languages?

Just here our Polish-Russian-Bohemian-Serbian-Hungarian-etc., expert, who outside the office looks like any other simple doughboy, with nothing heavier on his mind than his new monkey cap, breaks the more-or-less silence with what from a less gentlemanly youth would sound like a cuss word. No wonder. He has just finished wading through a Polish letter beginning:

"Dear Sweetheart"—Oh, yes, they have 'em even in Polish; that's one disease no one seems able to escape, even with vaccination—"I am writing you just two lines to tell you that"—and continues to tell her the same thing in exactly 15 and a half closely written pages.

Now tell me the truth: If you were our Polish-Russian-Boh—and all the rest of it expert, would you save up that boob's address in the hope of meeting him some dark night out in No Man's Land, or would you, being of a soft and well disciplined disposition, just murmur, in Russian, or Serbian, or Bulgarian, or whatever language you happen to be thinking in at the moment, "Oh, *c'est la guerre*," and let the volume go on to her?

And before I can get that down one of our Italian artists—*si, signore*, we have a bunch of them, because Italian is the most popular language, with the exception of American and English, in this little old A. E. F. of ours—*viva la testa*—I mean, turns his neck and gives us a sample line from Private Giuseppe of the 36th Engineers, who writes something like this back to his wife in Little Italy, Hartford, Mass., three times a week:

A Transatlantic Tragedy

"*Mi Unico Pensiero* — My Only Thought: I do not understand why it is that we can never agree. We must be temperamentally mismated. I asked you for candy and here you send me chocolates. You—" but we don't mean to dip any deeper into such domestic tragedies.

And lastly, for today at least—here comes our distributor, his chest swelled out, but with a wet cloth tied about his head, crying boastingly, "Another language! That makes 48—"

But on closer examination we have to break the sad news to him that it is not so after all. It's only English—not exactly the kind of English all the A. E. F. writes—fortunately for the Base Censor and company officers—but the kind that a doughboy who originated in Russia uses.

If the Top is calling to you to fall in with rifles, belts, and hand grenades, better drop it here. But if you haven't anything better to do, except dodging an occasional shower of shrapnel, just give yourself a bit of practice in reading English as she is wrote somewhere out along the front line:

February 25, 1918.

"Dear brodher Jahan

am gara leder from ius lam glat iu notfigaret mi main fill puriwell nau al bin faif dels na front lain trenches dis taim heroim rest al narlar am bin tubizi two wik nogaram taim ralt leder tulu iu ralt leders stedy tumi al gon ralt tulr iu Jahan probli garat pikcher iurs luniform sen tu mi ai tek roblu main ai sen tutur wan my gara weder dis kontri nowerlbett luck lalk sprink taim my garat tudel turkiez diner in tobeko in clgarets fry gut lack tuir brodher."

There, I guess that will hold you for a week at least.

ECONOMY OF PAPER URGED UPON ARMY

Official Designations Will No Longer Appear on A.E.F. Letterheads

Save paper.

A new general order states in no uncertain terms that it is essential that all members of the A. E. F. shall, in their official capacity, exercise the greatest economy in the use of paper.

Official correspondence will continue to be conducted on paper of the required dimension, but the order adds that the economical use of paper will be enforced in memorandums, etc. As an earnest of the way the saving campaign is to be conducted, it is stipulated that hereafter official letter heads will be printed without any particular office designation, bearing only the words "American Expeditionary Forces."

It means, too, according to the order, that the printing of publications such as pamphlets, manuals, etc., which involves considerable expenditure of paper, will be allowed "only after due consideration has been given to the importance of the subject matter and the probable demands for its distribution." In other words, the need for such publication must be shown to be urgent before the necessary authorization can be obtained.

Sizes of Paper Available

For the benefit of field clerks, company clerks, hospital administrative forces, Q. M. people and others who have to use a good deal of paper, it is announced that the following sizes of paper will be kept in stock when practicable for supply to all organizations, and that other sizes will not be supplied except under special authority of G. H. Q.

Letter heads, sizes 8 1/4 x 10 1/2; original sheet printed; 2nd, 3rd and 4th sheets unprinted. Typewriting paper, legal size, 8 1/4 x 13; 1st, 2nd and 3rd sheets all without printing. Mimeograph paper, legal size, 8 1/4 x 13; letter size, 8 1/4 x 10 1/2. Note paper, size 10 7/8 x 8 1/4, folded once. Envelopes, penalty, white, size 3 7/8 x 8 7/8 and 4 1/8 x 9 1/2; for note paper, size 4 1/2 x 5 3/4, decorated with "American Expeditionary Forces," but without other printing; penalty, Manila, size 4 1/2 x 10 3/8, 6 1/2 x 10 1/2 and 11 x 14 3/4.

Soldier (with heavy marching pack): How far to camp, brother?

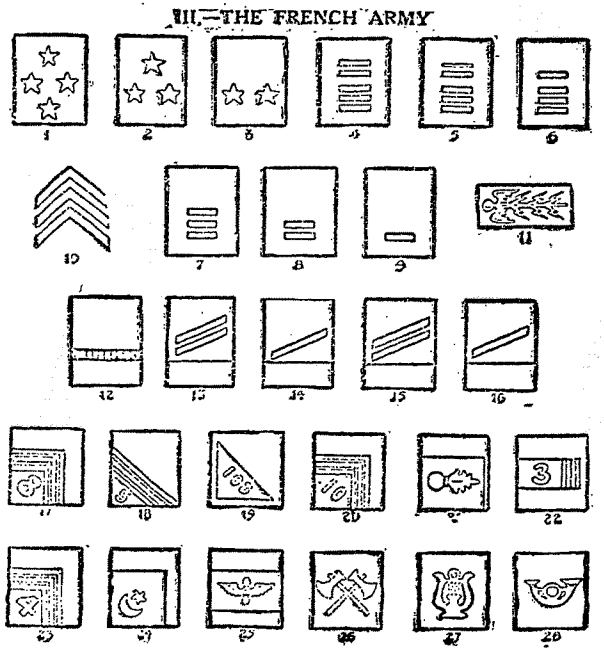
Sentry on duty: Four miles as the crow flies.

Soldier: Well, supposin' your crow's walkin' and's got a load like mine?

Der Kaiser had a little tank,
'ts guns were mounted well,
It went to scare der Yanks one day,
And got shot all to hell.

INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

III.—THE FRENCH ARMY



If you don't know what a skeleton squad is, if you have never heard of the Loraine line, if you cannot recall the taste of slum, then there is possibly some excuse for your not knowing at least a few of the insignia of the French Army. You may be pardoned for not knowing them all, for there is a lot of them. But if you don't know some of them—well, how did you get by the eye test when you went up for your physical exam?

You ought to know Rule 1, which is that a French officer's sleeve bars are worn parallel to the cuff, while the non-com's are placed slantwise. That is the fundamental principle, and will save you, and probably has saved you from saluting sergeants and corporals.

You are also familiar with the trench chevrons, denoting length of service. You know that if a French soldier or officers wears six of them, he has been in the fight from the first crack.

You may be pardoned for not recognizing a general. Like our own generals, he can be distinguished by his stars—worn, however, on the cuff instead of the shoulder. The following table provides a key to the diagram:

Worn on the cuff.

1. General.
2. General of division.
3. General of brigade.
4. Colonel.
5. Lieutenant Colonel.
6. Major.
7. Captain.
8. Lieutenant.
9. Sous Lieutenant.
10. Trench chevrons. One denotes year's service at front, each additional chevron six months' additional service.
11. Collar device of general staff.

Non-commissioned officers' chevrons.

12. Adjutant. Band of black and gold braid.
13. Sergeant major. Chevron of gold braid.
14. Sergeant. Chevron of gold braid.
15. Corporal or brigadier. Chevrons of colored cloth.
16. First class private. Colored cloth.

Collar patches of branches of service.

17. Cuirassiers and dragoons.
18. Hussars and horse chasseurs.
19. Infantry.
20. Foot chasseurs.
21. Artillery.
22. Aviation corps.
23. Zouaves. Wear khaki instead of blue.
24. Sphais. Wear khaki instead of blue. Arm devices.
25. Aviation corps.
26. Pioneer.
27. Bandsman.
28. Trumpeter.

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Hospital Manners

By BRAN MASH

Hospitals, which were thought to be so vulgar before August, 1914, have now become quite the rage, and are patronized by the best families of Europe and America. The better class of people, however, prefer not to patronize German hospitals, as the treatment accorded to visiting patients by their staffs is anything but polite and refined.

Since hospitals have become so popular, and their personnel has risen so in the esteem of the world of fashion, they have built up an etiquette of their own which far transcends the rougher code that sufficed for an earlier and less cultured day. Accordingly, those who contemplate visits to hospitals will do well to familiarize themselves with the rules of patiently deportment.

In the first place, never refuse an invitation to visit a hospital. You will regret it if you turn down such a chance. For broadening your mental horizon, for ridding yourself of useless physical appendages, for finding out about yourself and your construction and interior decoration scheme, hospital treatment cannot be beaten. Incidentally—quite incidentally—there are baths to be had there. A word to the wise—

Once in a hospital, conform to all its rules and regulations as far as is convenient and consistent with comfort. Never attempt to initiate the vulgar precedent of getting up at meal-time, and thus betray your base army origin. Insist on having all your meals served to you as you recline on your cot. In that way, and in that way only, can the *morale* of the personnel—male and female—be kept up.

Toadying is rightly looked down on in the line of the army, but in a hospital something closely approaching it may be tried with impunity. Be nice to everybody, from the Chief Surgeon down to the orderlies and back again. If you show appreciation of their treatment, and give them a lot of trouble (apologizing profusely for it all the while), the chances are that they will ask you to come again.

A good line to spring on your particular doc is, "Oh, you're Captain Blank, are you? Oh, I heard a lot about you in the States, I did. My sister's brother-in-law says he won't ever forget what you done for his horse!" That puts the medico entirely at his ease, and shows that you appreciate real surgery—when you hear about it.

Always discuss your ailments, upon every possible occasion; be sure to pitch your voice loud enough so that the gink down in the end of the ward can take it all in without having to strain his ear. Brag at all times about the amount of weight you have lost—particularly in the hearing of the nurse who has charge of the messing. If this is subtly done, it will procure you jellies, jams, confitures, marmalades, and so forth galore; plus much sympathy.

Try to dissociate your thoughts from the operation in hand when a dainty-fingered nurse insists on taking your pulse. Undue concentration of mind is apt to send your pulse beats up far too rapidly. Gaze off into space, at a blank wall or something; try counting sheep or overcoat buttons or anything. If she puts a thermometer in your face at the same time tilt it (the thermometer, not your face) at a rakish angle and pretend that you like it. Never cheat by warming the end of the thermometer with the butt of a cigarette when Nurse isn't looking.

Finally, pick the object of your hospital proposal—everybody makes one—very carefully. Wait until you are well out of ether before doing it, or you are apt to have a case of mistaken identity on your hands. Never propose to more than one nurse; nurses exchange confidence just like all other women, and you're apt to land in bad if your duplicity is discovered. Act as though you were going to propose to all of them, and keep them dancing attendance on you. In that way you will please everybody—and pleasing everybody is the mark of the truly gentlemanly patient.

OLD NAT GOODWIN IS AT IT AGAIN

Celebrated Husband Sued for Divorce by Fifth Mrs. G.

[By Cable to the Stars and Stripes.]

NEW YORK, April 18.—Not every thing in America is transformed by the war, and some of the good old national institutions go on in the same old way. Nat Goodwin, America's most celebrated husband, has been sued for divorce once more.

The action is brought by the beautiful Margaret Moreland, fifth in the series which includes the names of Eliza Weatherby, Nellie Baker Pease, Maxine Elliott and Edna Goodrich.

A certain piquancy is added to the now monotonous Goodwin chronicle by the fact that both he and Miss Elliott have been playing in different theaters in New York this winter, and that both he and Miss Moreland have been appearing together in a comedy which just happened to be called "Why Marry?"

Why, indeed! It is assumed that Mr. Goodwin will now get out a new edition of his memoirs, for, with exquisite and characteristic taste, he published a few years ago a rather intimate, though one-sided, account of his adventures in wedlock.

IT WAS NEW SOMETHING

An English and an American soldier were discussing the United States and both were agreed that it was a wonderful place.

"I've got a brother over there," said Tommy, "and he tells me all about it. Say, maybe you know him. He lives in New Jersey."

"That's so?" said the American, "what part?"

Tommy searched his pockets and produced a thumbed letter.

"He lives at—Ah, rats! It ain't New Jersey. He lives in New Mexico."

Recruit (in loud voice): Think it'll be safe for patrolling tonight?"

Old Sergeant: Not if we take you along.

L. Gros, Imprimeur-Gérant, 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris. Printing Office of the Continental "Daily Mail," Ltd.

AMERICAN CAMIONS AID IN BIG BATTLE

Trucks Carry Soldiers to Fight, While Red Cross Removes Civilians

VILLAGES QUICKLY EMPTIED

Inhabitants Taken to Safe Place First, With Loads of War Material Following

For almost an entire week during the second battle of the Somme, an American camion section, consisting of 200 big trucks, was on duty, hauling French soldiers from their sectors to the front. From 40 to 50 soldiers were packed in each of the trucks and hurried to the scene of the battle.

The roads were dusty, and the American drivers suffered, "eating the dust" of the cars ahead of them. But they stuck to their jobs day and night, and each day a return journey was made, thus giving the French a chance to have a new lot of soldiers ready for transportation each morning.

It required almost two hours for this big camion section to pass a given point. Traffic rules were in effect over the entire route, and little delay was occasioned in bringing up the reinforcements. In addition to transporting thousands of troops, the American camions also carried munitions and supplies, and they are still busy helping our Allies in meeting the emergency.

Ambulance Sections Busy

Many ambulance sections also worked in conjunction with the French Army during the attack, and many wounded soldiers were carried back in American ambulances.

The American Red Cross and its numerous workers and automobiles were busy behind the firing lines too, carrying on a vast work.

As soon as the German offensive started, camion and ambulance sections were hurriedly organized and rushed to the front. The ambulance drivers were assigned to the field hospitals and wounded soldiers were cared for at the various Red Cross hospitals stationed near the front, where Red Cross nurses awaited the arrival of the *blessés*.

Whole Populations Moved

In evacuation of the civilians and their personal effects, excellent work was also done.

Whole populations were moved from the danger zone to cities and villages far from the firing lines. After the people had been taken from the threatened cities and towns, work was started in the removal of valuable war material, the camion drivers working hand in hand with the French sections.

The American Red Cross had numerous stations in the section now occupied by the Germans, but all workers and the materials were taken out before the enemy could reach these places. The losses of the Red Cross were small, as the work was rapidly carried on. Only one automobile was lost in the entire district, this being in such poor condition that it could not be started.

The Red Cross not only removed the refugees from the various villages, but it also provided food, clothing and funds for those in need. Stations were established all along the line, and here the refugees were fed as they were being transported. French and English soldiers were served with hot drinks and sandwiches, also smokes, as they passed these stations, both going up and coming back from the firing lines.